

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

October 1929

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1929

No. 10

Ave Maria

Prayer of our youth
When Life's bright sun doth gild
The scene for young eyes gazing forth
To hopes fulfilled.

Prayer of our life
In our maturer years
When toil and weariness bring on
Their chilling fears.

Prayer of old age—
Sweet breath of twilight's glow—
A golden chord of music from
The long ago.

Prayer of the Saints
Where glorious harps ring high,
And sorrow fails, and tears are gone
From every eye.

Prayer that shall strike
In sounding chords along
Till sweet bells chime for weary souls
Life's evensong.

—Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

A CITY OF STUDENTS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"O felix Roma!" What multitudes have journeyed over land and sea to hear St. Peter's choir chant these words in the vesper hymn of the feast of Saints Peter and Paul! "O felix Roma!" O eternal city, city favored above all other cities because your soil has been consecrated by the blood of the two princes of the apostles, because your glorious basilicas contain the precious remains of St. Peter and St. Paul! "O felix Roma!" Each recurring year the world-famed choir chants these words in a transport of ecstasy more than human. But today, conscious that Rome is once more free, conscious that a new era of felicity opens up before her, now that she can untrammelled fulfill her high office of leading the nations to truth, to peace, to God, the singers outstripped themselves. The listening thousands were thrilled to their inmost souls. Even after they had left the church, Father Casey and his young friend found the heavenly melody still sounding in their ears.

"Father Tim," Dwyer pleaded, "don't go yet. Let's hang around a while. It's so good to be here."

The priest laughed. "Larry, you have not changed a bit since you were eight years old—since the day I brought you to the servers' picnic down at the islands. While I was hurrying to get things packed up and loaded into the cars before dark, you came to me crying: 'Fader, I doan' wanna go home.'"

"Well," Dwyer countered, "you have not the same reasons for turning down my request today; it is a long time before dark, and nobody's mamma is worrying. Let us stop here on the landing before the door and watch the crowd in the Piazza. Say, Father, this Piazza must be several acres in extent. When I used to see it in pictures I judged that it was no larger than an ordinary city block."

"Yes," the priest replied, "one must see it as we see it now, filled with an immense multitude, in order to realize its vastness."

"The services have been finished for a quarter of an hour, and still the people are coming. There are as many entering the church as there are leaving it."

"They are coming to say a prayer at the tomb of St. Peter on his feast day. This steady stream of humanity has been pouring in and out of the Piazza since early morning and it will continue until nearly midnight. For tonight the dome, the facade, and the colonnade will be illuminated, not with ghastly, staring electric lamps, like dead men's eyes, but with thousands upon thousands of torches which will envelop the mighty structure in a mantle of living flame. Whether viewed here in the dazzling light of the Piazza or from the distant Alban Hills, it is one of the most impressive sights in the world."

Larry Dwyer changed the subject on the slightest provocation.

"Father," he said, "if I stay in Rome much longer, I am going to lose my Catholic manners."

"What is wrong now? Are you forgetting how to bless yourself?"

"Not a chance. That is something these Italians don't do anything else but. The peasant woman next to me, with the bronzed face and the hatless head—she dropped a handkerchief on her bushy hair when she entered the church—made the Sign of the Cross seven hundred and fifty times during vespers."

"My boy, she could not make use of a better prayer. And, what is more, human respect will never prevent her from using it."

"No, Father, what I refer to is tipping my hat to a priest. I was always taught that it is correct form. But just take a look at that crowd in the Piazza, and tell me what living man could tip his hat to every priest you see there. All the streets are the same, and the trolleys and the autobusses and every place—all crowded with priests."

"Not every man that wears a cassock is a priest; some of them are seminarians."

"Finished priests or priests in the making, practically it comes to the same thing. Far be it from me to criticize, but if several thousand of these priests would go home, where so much work is waiting for them, it might be better all around. See this bunch coming up the steps in dark blue cassock and red sash. I suppose they are monks of some kind. Say, they are handsome—features as perfect as young Greek gods."

"Those are not monks; they are seminarians from the Roumanian College."

"And who are those in the bright red cassocks?"

"Seminarians from the German College."

"And those with the green sash belong, I suppose, to the Irish College."

"No," Father Casey replied, "this is one instance where green is misleading. They are Poles. The Irish—just a moment until I find them. There they are, near the obelisk. Their garb is black with red lappets and cord binding; no sash. The purple cassock and crimson sash represents the Vatican College; black lined with blue, the Spanish College; maroon sash edged in yellow, the Czech College; violet cassock with red sash and red buttons, the Scots College. But the college costume most beautiful in my eyes is that worn by the band of seminarians just now coming out of St. Peter's."

"Those students wearing a black cassock with red sash and a black cloak with blue lining? You like their outfit best?"

"Yes," Father Casey replied, "but I do not know whether it is on account of the costume itself or on account of the country it represents."

"They are—"

"Americans."

"Does every country in the world maintain its own college here in Rome?"

"Not every country. Yet many of them do so."

"When a country has its national college, which students of that country are sent here to study?"

"Those whom the bishops choose to send, those who are expected to profit most from the extraordinary advantages of a seminary course in the Eternal City?"

"Why does each college have a distinctive costume?"

"So that they may be readily recognized. Thus each student knows that wherever he goes he represents his college, and so, in a spirit of loyalty, he tries to conduct himself in such a way as to bring all possible esteem and honor to his college."

"Look, Father Tim, those seminarians have a peculiar costume, a flowing white gown and a large red and blue cross on the breast."

"This time, Larry, you are not looking at students but at monks. They are the Trinitarians, the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives. They were founded in the thirteenth century to work for the release of Christians who had been made prisoners and slaves by the Moors."

"They must be out of a job, for the Moors no longer make prisoners and slaves of Christians."

"But the devil does, which gives them all the work they can possibly do, and more besides."

"Some of these monks look like mere boys."

"Most likely they are students. All the principal religious orders have international colleges here to which they send some of their young men from all parts of the world. Those religious in black with a large red cross on the breast are Camillians. Their work is to take care of the sick. While there are dozens of religious orders here who have no houses in the United States, you will also recognize many whose habit is familiar: the Dominicans in white, the Passionists with a black and white badge on the breast, the Redemptorists with a rosary at the girdle and a wide white collar, the Benedictines with the wide sleeves and the leather belt, the Franciscans in brown, with shaven head, rope girdle, bare feet and sandals."

"Now I begin to understand," the young man admitted, "that there is a good reason why Rome should be full of priests. The seminarians in all these colleges would account for several thousand of those whom we see going about in cassock; and, of course, it requires besides a small army of priests to do the teaching and direct the activities in all these colleges. That would be over and above the regular number of priests needed to take care of the six or seven hundred churches and chapels. I suppose as many priests are required for that work here as in any other large Catholic city."

"Yes, and more, for they must minister, not only to the Romans, but likewise to the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims who, every year, come to kneel at the tomb of the apostles. They are pilgrims from everywhere, hence the churches here must always have at call confessors for every language in the world."

"Ah, yes, I see the reason there are so many priests in Rome."

"So far you see only one little part of the reason. You must remember further, that hundreds of religious orders have their headquarters here—the General Superior with his council or advisors, his assistants, his secretaries, his chroniclers, his archivists, and all the other officials needed for the general government of a world-wide organization. But if a large staff is needed to carry on the general government of every religious order, you can imagine what an immense number of officials

of every kind is needed to carry on the general government of the Church, an international society of some three hundred million members. The general government of the church must do, in spiritual things, what the civil government does in material things. It must make laws; it must administer these laws; it must judge and decide disputes and doubts in regard to these laws."

"Why, Father, that is simply what we call the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial branches of government."

"Exactly. The general government of the Church exercises these powers through various departments or commissions. Each department is presided over by a cardinal. He is assisted by advisors, by experts in theology and canon law, by secretaries, clerks, translators, copyists, investigators, accountants, and all the various officials needed to expedite the work and carry on the huge correspondence with bishops and priests throughout the world. For instance, there is the department called the Congregation of the Holy Office. One of its duties is to watch and see that matters pertaining to faith are correctly expressed in writings, sermons, teaching, throughout the whole world. It is located in the vast building called the Palace of the Holy Office. Then there is the Sacred Consistorial Congregation. Among other duties it must gather and digest all the information required for the prudent choice of bishops, archbishops, etc. When you consider how much work this might entail for the selection of even one bishop, and remember the thousands of dioceses that must be kept supplied, you will get a faint glimpse of the work of this department. Its offices are in the Cancellaria, that great quadrangular building I pointed out to you this morning. Another department, the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, handles the affairs of the foreign missions. Another department, the Sacred Congregation of Religious, looks after the thousands of religious men and women throughout the world. Likewise there are other departments for other features of Church government. Through these departments the Pope makes and administers the laws and regulations necessary for the good of souls."

"That is the Legislative and Executive work; what of the Judicial?"

"Every bishop has his own episcopal court. Some decisions of the lower courts may be, and some must be, appealed to Rome. These appeals are handled by two judicial bodies, the Roman Rota and the Supreme Tribunal of the Apostolic Signatura."

"All right, Father Tim, I give in. There is sufficient reason why Rome should be full of priests."

"Oh, you can't stop me now. You must listen to the end. Every bishop must come to Rome once in five years and give an account of his diocese. He generally brings one or more of his priests with him. Furthermore, many priests, who are writing learned books or pursuing scientific studies, spend long years here in research in the libraries, the catacombs, or among the ancient monuments. Many theological, canonical, liturgical periodicals are published in Rome. The staff of priest editors are obliged to live here. Such periodicals, published outside of Rome, must at least have an assistant editor resident here in order to keep in touch with Church activities at the source. Then there is a permanent commission for Biblical Investigation, one for the interpretation of Canon Law, one working on the new edition of the Vulgate, one for Sacred Archaeology, one for historical studies, one for the preservation, study, and explanation of the countless treasures of Christian art in all the Church museums.

"This," Father Casey continued, "is but a very brief enumeration of the innumerable scientific activities constantly carried on at Rome by learned priests from all parts of the world. When to all this you add the fact that it is the dream of every priest, who has the opportunity, to make at least one visit to the center of Catholicism, you will be able to account for the presence of a goodly number of priests. Henceforth when you hear the remark: 'Rome is full of lazy priests,' you can show that there is work in plenty to keep them occupied."

"Nobody that has been in Rome can call them lazy. In fact, the only people in Rome that are always in a hurry are the priests—and the American tourists."

ANNUNCIATION

"Wilt thou be Mother of the Lord?"

The Angel asked of thee.

And with thy answer, Word took flesh,

And Christ began to be.

"Thy womb His tabernacle was;

Thy heart His altar light;

Thy soul before Him, rapt in prayer,

Kept vigil day and night. —Anne M. Campbell.

Neumannettes

J. MANTON, C.Ss.R.

We once said in these pages that present-day America would despair of Neumann with his self-suppression, his spirituality, his dogged contempt for money, and that, in a land "where the sin of not being rich is only atoned for by the effort to become so." Universal statements have in them for the writer a tempting strength that makes them tug hard at the leash, eager to spring away; but once they have slipped off, we find ourselves whistling anxiously for their return. Perhaps it were best to whistle our own universal back, and muzzle it with a modification. "Present-day America would despair of Neumann" should read, "The materialistic and atheistic element of present-day America would despair of Neumann." Those elements whose norm of religion is irreligion, and whose code of morality is immorality, would have scant patience with him. But American soil is not all, nor nearly all, filthy swamps, malarial marshes, hard, barren rocks; it is preponderately sound, fertile earth. Even so we believe that the American people is preponderately godly, spiritual, high minded; given to appreciation of things that cannot be bought over the counter, things without a price-tag to disfigure them, things like ideals, and self-sacrifice, and lives consecrated to God.

Ex-President Coolidge reached this conclusion and broadcasted it to the world: "Our country has long been under the imputation of putting too much emphasis on material things. Perhaps we have been the subject of that kind of criticism not so much because we are really more interested in material prosperity than others, but because in that direction we have been more successful than others. And if America is advancing economically, it is because of the deep religious convictions of its people. Material prosperity cannot be secured unless it rests upon spiritual realities."

High watchers on the peaks of thought are calling out to one another that over against the horizon there is climbing the red rim of a new sun, a new dawn—the dawn of a religious awakening, a spiritual resurrection in these United States. Editors have noted it from their lofty and broad-visioned chairs; and in their columns, mingled with the martial throbbing of the war-drum and the swaying, saxophonic paragraphs of high life, is heard the stately swell of the church organ and the

ringing tones of the preacher. The Catholic Church, especially, is fine copy. Sometimes it is commended, sometimes condemned, but always is it discussed. All eyes are turned to the Cross that has burst through the blue and that now shows resplendent against the American sky.

But if a spiritual resurgence is in progress in the United States, how could its interests better be furthered than by incarnating that movement and its ideals in a single, appealing individual—in a Man? As Daniel O'Connell was the incarnation of Ireland's struggle for freedom; as Windthorst was the personification of Catholic Germany's defense of its Faith; as Patrick Henry was the inspiring spirit of Colonial liberty—why cannot Venerable John Neumann be the incarnation and the personification, the soul and the inspiring spirit of America's religious Renaissance? None seems better qualified. His virtues have been solemnly pronounced heroic by the Holy See; he has been accorded the title *Venerable*; his tomb in Philadelphia is the Mecca of devout pilgrims, and to his intercession favors are constantly being ascribed. So much for his sanctity.

As for his Americanism, the question of his citizenship is now being probed. It is certain that he took out his first papers, and those investigating the case hope to find a document that will prove his status as a naturalized citizen. By filing his first papers Neumann made oath that he intended to become a citizen of this country; there is no reason to believe that he did not consummate that intention. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe he did. Further, it is improbable that in a day when anti-Catholic and anti-alien bigotry was at its height, in the hour of the fanatical Know-nothings, Rome should place the mitre of America's largest diocese on the brow of an alien. Certainly she acted otherwise in other dioceses. Again, it might not have been legally prudent to have so much Church property in an alien's name. This property aspect, Neumann's own solemn declaration of intention, and the Church's constant policy of meeting anti-alien agitation by the consecration of native or naturalized bishops—all rise up as witnesses in favor of Neumann's citizenship. And, though their evidence is not proof absolute, it invites confidence that some day the question may be happily determined.

Neumann has certainly done enough for America to warrant adoption. At the age of twenty-five he came to her shores, prompted by Christian love and missionary zeal for her thousands and thousands of

unsheperded souls. He was eager to give his life, to pour it out drop by drop for her people. For a quarter of a century he spent himself in the service of Catholic America and finally fell exhausted in her vineyard. He toiled in seven of her states; ruled Philadelphia, her largest diocese; introduced into America the great devotion of the Forty Hours as we have it today; that is, celebrated in church after church throughout the diocese. He inaugurated America's parochial school system. He was the spiritual chief of 300,000 of her people. His whole life is a story of hard labor and great achievements for the cause of Catholicism in the United States.

The United States needs Neumann. In the vast and sparkling museum of our nation's achievements, you will pass case after case of colorful trophies, indicative of our success in every sector of the far-flung line of modern progress. You will find the swords and epaulettes of great American commanders; war banners, tattered and riddled, but ignorant of the stain of defeat. You will find the mechanical miracles of American inventors, men who have stripped nature of her secrets; you will find test tubes bubbling with the discoveries of pioneer American scientists, men whose laboratories are the first outposts of civilization. You will find models of bridges that hang high above sweeping rivers and from dawn to dark sustain a moving city; you will find miniatures of buildings that all but force the sky to retreat, high cathedrals of commerce that house a whole townful of people. Statues from the chisels of sculptors like St. Gaudens and French; canvasses glowing with the colors of Whistler and Sargent; books from the pens of writing-men like Irving and Hawthorne and Poe; the seals of over five hundred colleges and universities with an enrollment of over half a million students; all these are there to attest that the United States is far from being the backward child in the family of the nations. And to remind us that America's efficiency and resourcefulness has invaded the very air, here is the spidery plane of Lindberg, which roared up from a field in the New World, balanced its rocking wings, shot into the May dawn, hummed hour after hour over a desert of waves, and finally came swooping down on Old World soil amid the frantic cheers of an Old World throng.

All these things and many others, from the silver cups of her bronzed athletes to the death-stemming serums of her learned physicians, you will find in the museum of America's achievements; but amid that

gorgeous and glittering collection you look in vain for the relics of a single canonized saint. We have followed every other road with success; but one road, the rugged, uphill road whose signpost is the Cross, we have pretty much avoided; or rather we have not walked it as often and as well as we might. It is not that we have marked our maps *Detour* and gone around it; for this road of sainthood has doubtless been trodden by thousands of America's unknown, uncanonized, hidden saints. These have walked the road of the Cross quietly and unnoticed. But, no one of them has come back to us wearing the golden halo of sainthood; no one of them has been canonized by the Church.

Neumann's cause is before Rome now. One more miracle and he will be beatified. And the next step after beatification is canonization. God speed the day!

BENEDICTION

Peace! And the lighted tapers
In adoration glow.
The lilies clothed in innocence
Bend close their heads and low.
Soft, as a choir of angels,
The happy voices sound
The Magnificat. The incense
Falls like a cloak around
Figures kneeling, faces wrapt
In love. The anthems cease,
And from the monstrance Christ smiles down.
Then—faith and hope, and peace!

—*Anne M. Campbell.*

Many a man has managed to forget that he ever learned how to pray—in the day of his successes. But most of them have rapidly learned anew in the day of bitter disappointment and need.

Mass production will eventually mean overproduction; overproduction will mean unemployment or shorter working hours; shorter hours will mean more leisure time, and God only knows what that will mean.

For God And Country

DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE LIBERATOR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Besides being a most devoted husband, O'Connell was a wise, understanding and at the same time tender father to his children.

O'CONNELL AS A FATHER

The children are remembered in all his letters to his wife. And even when away from home, engaged in business for the welfare of his country—business that taxed his nerves and often his temper and absorbed all his time, one would think—he remained deeply interested in their progress in studies and behavior at home.

He was at his best, we are told, when they were gathered around him; and he always liked to have his children and grandchildren around him when at home. To them he was at once counsellor, friend and helper in all their childish difficulties. They preserved this confidence and trust in him even when they were grown to manhood and womanhood: his advice and sympathy was always theirs.

His letters are evidence of this intimate interest in all their doings as well as of their confidence in him. Thus, to his son Morgan, he writes under date of May 19, 1815, during leisure moments while busy in Court:

"My dear Morgan:

Your mother and I are greatly pleased at the regularity with which Maurice and you write to us, and we have a notion that it is a greater compliment from you than from Maurice, because he has at least the appearance of being more attentive. I am quite sure that you, my dear child, are as affectionate as he is, and you cannot possibly take any better method of proving that you are so, than by attending to your improvement.

"John and the girls are in great spirits in finding that you and Maurice consider yourselves so happy and comfortable at College. I, too, am myself very much pleased at that circumstance. I will contrive to see you both in a very few days; sooner I could not do it, as the Courts have continued to sit all the latter part of this week."

Everybody who studies the conditions of boyhood and girlhood to-day, realizes that the right relationship between the parents and the

children is most important. If it has been rendered more difficult by reason of new problems, if the attitude must be changed to a certain extent on account of these problems, fundamentally it must remain the same. But today, more than ever, a father must be a living part of the home and close to his children with his influence, his example, his love and companionship.

"What children need more than anything else in this sophisticated, artificial age," writes an expert in sociology, "is parents, not merely biological plants, but parents who have a deep religious, moral and social sense of the obligations assumed with their state in life. Parenthood involves the provision of the spiritual values in life as well as the natural. But too often the modern parent assumes his obligations for the latter and slights the former.

"Much more important than any physical or natural care," this writer continues, "is the companionship, the sympathy and the understanding which parents owe their children. To be a good parent, one must not only give of his material possessions. He must give himself."

In this respect O'Connell, statesman, political agitator and public man as he was, might serve as a pattern for Catholic men today. What close companionship with his children, what sympathy and understanding and deep religious sense, for instance, is manifested and suggested by the following letter to his married daughter, written in 1839! The letter reads:

"My dearest darling child:

"I have complied with your wish. I have procured Masses to be said for your intention, and after my Communion tomorrow, I will offer up my wretched prayers for the daughter upon whom my fond heart dotes with a tenderness that is not to be described or known to any but the heart of a parent. Represent to yourself your own darling boy in mental agony, and then you will realize my feelings of utter misery at your state of mind.

"This, I own, that is the greatest suffering that I ever experienced, to have you, my angel daughter, consuming your heart and intellect on vain, idle, and unprofitable scruples. It is quite true that you are in a state with which it is the inscrutable will of God to try the souls of His elect, a state of great danger, if the spirit of pride, of self-esteem, or of self-will mixes with it so as to make the sufferer fall into the snare of despair. Despair is your danger, your only danger. Oh gen-

erous God, protect my child from despair! If you by humility, submission, humble submission to the Church in the person of your spiritual director, if you give up every thought, and throw yourself into the arms of God by obedience and submission, you will soon be at peace, and be so for life, and in an eternity of bliss.

"Is your scruple such as you can communicate to your father? If it be, tell it to me, and probably you yourself, when you write it, will see how idle it is. Can my child think that the God Who, in the lingering torments of the Cross, shed the last drop of His Blood for her, is a tyrant, or that He does not love her? Your greatest love for your babe is nothing to the love God bears for you. Why, then, my own child, not confide in His loving kindness? Generously throw all your care on Him, confide in His love, with humble submission to Him, and to His Spouse, His holy Church. Oh, my beloved child, that He may through his bitter passion and cruel death give you His grace!

"If your scruple is such that you cannot communicate to your father, go at once and consult Doctor MacHale (the Archbishop of Tuam) about it. Determine before you go, in the presence of God, to submit to whatever the Archbishop shall say to you. In the meantime, pray quietly and with composure of mind, once or twice a day; say coolly and deliberately: 'Oh my God, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven'; and then attend to your family and children, taking your mind, without bustle and violence, from the thoughts that make you unhappy to your domestic occupations.

"You would pity your poor father if you knew how miserable you make me. I fear with the most agonizing dread for you in this trial. If you go through it with humility, submission and obedience, you will be an angel for all eternity. Write to me, darling, darling child. . . .

"Ever my own, own dearest child,

"Your fond, though distracted father,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

We catch a glimpse of his family life at this time from Mrs. Nichol, the wife of an eminent Quaker member of Parliament, who thus reports a conversation with the great Liberator:

"He told me that for twenty-five years of his life, he rose soon after four o'clock, lighted his own fire, and was always seated to business by five. At 8:30 one of his little girls came, by turns, to announce breakfast—gave an hour to that. At 10:30, he set off to the Court-

house; walked two miles thither in twenty-five minutes; always reached the Court five minutes before the judges arrived.

"From 11:00 to 3:30 there was not a minute unoccupied. At 3:30 he returned, taking in the Office of the Catholic Association on his way. He always went in—the regular meetings were held only once a week—read the letters, wrote a sentence or two in reply, out of which his secretary wrote a full letter.

"Returned home, dined about four o'clock; with his family till 6:30; then went to his study; went to bed at a quarter before ten, his head on the pillow always by ten."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GRATITUDE

A leaflet I found carries this very thoughtful and suggestive message:

"Had we nothing to ask for, surely we have much for which to be thankful. Our Lord deserves our gratitude, yet how little do we give to Him." Do we ever pause to thank Him for our daily livelihood? A thank you visit to Our Lord in the Tabernacle certainly would be a fitting one, and what joy and comfort it would bring to His Sacred Heart! We would find ourselves the happier for such a visit at the close of the day, as we journey home after our daily toil. His blessing will be given just as lovingly as in the days when He was on earth, just for the asking, and these simple words will tell our heart's longing to Jesus, our Friend, in the Tabernacle:

"Jesus bless me before I go:

Bless my eyes, that they may see nothing wrong;

Bless my tongue, that I may speak what is right;

Bless my mind, that I may think what is pleasing to thee;

Bless my soul and my body, all that I am and have."

Don't forget that you injure your own character when you attack that of another.

The patient heart is a willow, the impatient heart a dry reed; when the storm of sorrow comes the willow bends, and recovers whilst the reed breaks.

Good Saint Anne De Beaupre

A. H. CATTERLIN, C.Ss.R.

North America is in a certain sense the realm of St. Anne, because the first bishop of our land, Monsignor Laval, consecrated to her his entire diocese which at that time comprised all of North America. Furthermore, as mother of Our Lady Immaculate, she well deserves the title of Queen Mother of North America.

Evidently God regarded this dedication of North America to St. Anne very favorably, if we are to judge from the strong appeal which this devotion has always had to the people of North America. A further evidence is the great number of miracles that have been wrought in favor of the people of Canada and the United States through the intercession of this good saint.

Shortly after Monsignor Laval dedicated his vast diocese to St. Anne, the first miracle was wrought through her intercession. In the year 1658 a number of sailors rowing up the St. Lawrence in an open boat were overtaken by a violent storm. They made a vow to St. Anne that if she would bring them safely to shore, they would build a little chapel in her honor at the spot where they landed. It was at the place now called Beaupré that their boat touched the shore; their lives were saved. When the following day dawned, they began at once to fulfill their vow. During the construction, a crippled farmer of the neighborhood, Louis Guimont, unable to share in the common task, brought three little stones and placed them in the foundation, and suddenly he was cured.

* * *

That spot has been a favorite shrine of pilgrimage through all these years. Miracles and favors without number have been granted. From the year 1658 to 1929 about ten millions have visited Beaupré. From afar letters come continuously to the Redemptorist Fathers in charge, acknowledging favors and proclaiming the power of good St. Anne. The novena of this year, 1929, saw the greatest number of pilgrims Beaupré has witnessed so far. The opening day of the novena fourteen hundred pilgrims of the maritime provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, came in two large trainloads. The arrival of a pilgrimage is always announced by the booming of the great bell; and on the morning of the first day of the novena it tolled again in

glorious tones of the thrilling sight of devout pilgrims thronging through the great doors of the Basilica. Quickly and reverently the pilgrims crowded around the miraculous statue of St. Anne and stood there a living prayer. The very atmosphere seemed charged with the intense fervor of their devotion. That is the peculiar characteristic of St. Anne's shrine at Beaupré. The desire to pray, the attraction for prayer truly transforms it into a spot where earth and heaven meet.

* * *

During the days of the novena large pilgrimages came from points of Canada and the United States. Among them were many returning to thank good St. Anne for favors miraculous in their nature.

One of the pilgrimages was conducted by a certain Mr. Blais. He returns every two years with sick and crippled pilgrims, leading them to the shrine as an expression of his gratitude for the cure of tuberculosis of the kidneys. Several doctors, among them an eminent specialist, declared his case absolutely hopeless.

Mr. Ahearn, leading fifty devout pilgrims to the shrine, told of his miraculous cure through the prayers of St. Anne. He was accompanied by his little daughter, who up to the age of seven had never seen her father walk. He was instantly cured.

Mrs. Lyons was completing her fifth annual pilgrimage in gratitude to St. Anne for the cure of her little son Frederic. At the age of two, Frederic hurt one of his feet with the result that a few months later the child was an invalid, condemned to walk on crutches for the rest of his life. In 1924, when the lad was four and a half years of age, his mother brought him to the shrine. The lad kept repeating: "I know good St. Anne will help me." His good mother prayed fervently during the nine days of the novena; but the end of the novena came and the feast day passed without any apparent answer to their prayers. Finally they returned home without any visible change in the lad. Mrs. Lyons began to prepare herself to meet the criticism of friends who had frowned upon the pilgrimage. Three days after their return, Frederic complained of an increase of pain in his leg. He begged his mother to remove the cast. Mrs. Lyons told the child to wait until they could see the doctor. After a short while the cast broke off and Frederic jumped from his chair and ran across the floor unaided. "See, mother, good St. Anne has cured me."

Every other night during the novena a candle-light procession is held up the winding path that leads to the church of St. Gerard, the chapel of the Redemptoristine Nuns. It passes down the east side of the hill, returns under the portico of the chapel that contains the Scala Sancta, continues on down the street and returns again to the entrance of the church. To hear all in the procession singing in one vast chorus the beautiful French hymns of the pilgrims, to see that enormous stream of people slowly ascending the darkened slopes of the hill, bearing the lighted tapers, emblem of their Faith and fervent devotion, reminds one of the loving mother of Our Blessed Lady leading on her faithful clients up the steep ascent of life's path. And as they go on down to the valley below, it is a new assurance of her protection of her children as they descend into the "valley and shadow of death." And as the pilgrims wend their way on back to the church, to the Blessed Sacrament, it reminds us also that the good St. Anne, leading her children up the steep ascent of life and down into the valley of the shadow, will lead them safely on to the feet of Jesus Christ.

* * *

On the day of the feast, over eight thousand Holy Communions were distributed. Over one hundred and fifty priests said Holy Mass. The solemn High Mass of the feast was sung by Bishop LaPlante, the auxiliary Bishop of Quebec, in the presence of Cardinal Rouleau on the throne. The village choir composed of excellent voices, was assisted by the boys' choir under Father Joseph DeSmet from the Cardinal's Basilica of Quebec. The Prior of the Dominican monastery in Quebec preached the sermon.

Immediately after the close of the Mass, the Cardinal and the Bishop, accompanied by a large number of Monsignori and priests, among whom were White Fathers of Africa, Trappist Abbots, Franciscans, Jesuits, members of the Holy Cross Congregation, Dominicans and others, as well as members of the secular clergy, repaired to the entrance of the church to bless the enormous statue of St. Anne. After the blessing all were permitted to touch or kiss the statue before it was elevated to its position on the apex of the roof where it will stand between the two towers of the Basilica, directly over the main entrance of the Basilica. At the appointed time the signal was given and the great statue, fourteen feet in height, began its long ascent to the pinnacle of the roof. As it rose above the heads of the people, the vast multitude

broke forth in song proclaiming the praise of good St. Anne. The singing was directed by Father LeBlanc, a Redemptorist. Smoothly and steadily the beautiful gilt statue rose on high. And now it stands dominating the countryside high above the beautiful St. Lawrence that brought the shipwrecked sailors so wonderfully to the shores of Beaupré. Since then thousands have come upon its waters to the shrine. In the early days tribes of Indians in their canoes came to these shores and moved from the shores to the church on their knees. An aged chief and his wife came without food or provisions, and begged their sustenance from day to day on this long and toilsome journey.

And now St. Anne still reigns high above the valley of the St. Lawrence as queen. Majestically she stands, looking down upon the devout pilgrims thronging to her shrine and pouring forth their supplications to her, their mother, their advocate and their queen.

The Redemptorists in Indo-China

Q. B. DENGES, C.Ss.R.

A little more than three years ago there was more than ordinary excitement in Hué, the Capital of Annam, situated almost in the center of French Indo-China. For many days rumors had been in the air to the effect that the long-expected missionaries from Canada had already been seen on the coast and were due to arrive in the city at any moment. The ever memorable day that witnessed the entry of the first group of Redemptorists into Hué was December 1, 1925. If we except the Philippine Islands, this was the first foreign mission in Asia entrusted to the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

WHY REDEMPTORISTS WERE SELECTED

It is not our intention to give a detailed narration of all the events that led up to that day in December when Mgr. Allys, the highly esteemed Vicar Apostolic of Northern Cochin China, together with all his clergy, extended a warm and hearty welcome to the new missionaries. It will suffice to recount but one or the other feature of an otherwise long, but interesting story. On June 20, 1924, a report on ecclesiastical conditions in Annam and Cochin China was laid before the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in Rome. Great emphasis was placed on the necessity of introducing into Indo-China some re-

ligious Order whose chief work is the giving of missions to the people. This would give the Catholics in these distant regions a better opportunity to bring to maturity and full vigor their practice of the Christian life. Besides this, there was another advantage in as far as the clergy and members of religious institutes were concerned; they would have a chance to make their Retreats or Spiritual Exercises more frequently.

The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, His Eminence William Van Rossum, C.Ss.R., saw the advisability of following out the ideas submitted in the report. On Nov. 9, 1924, he approached the Superior General of the Redemptorists, the Most Rev. Patrick Murray, and soon the preliminary arrangements were made. The Canadian Province of St. Anne de Beaupré, devoted principally to the French-speaking Catholics of the Dominion, was designated to accept the new field of labor in Annam. The first group selected to plant the banner of St. Alphonsus on the soil of Indo-China comprised The Very Rev. Hubert Cousineau, former Prefect of Students at Ottawa and Lector of Moral Theology, Father Eugene Larouche, previously a Lector in the Juvenate at Beaupré, and Brother Thomas St. Pierre. On October 15, 1925, the three knights of Christ knelt before the celebrated Shrine of Good St. Anne de Beaupré before bidding farewell to their confreres, relatives, and friends. By November 8th they had reached the Pacific Coast and soon they were aboard the "Australia" en route to the Annam Capital.

AFTER THREE YEARS

We have already seen how the city of Hué, and especially Mgr. Allys and his clergy, welcomed with open arms the three missionaries. The kind prelate, who has labored more than fifty years in Annam, brought them to his home and made them stay with him until they could procure a house of their own. The following extract from a letter written at this time by Father Cousineau may be of interest: "The Very Rev. Bishop treats us with the greatest kindness and paternal affection. Many hours of the day he converses with us, giving us wise counsels and hints bearing on our future ministry. . . . Full of faith and trust in God, he entertains the brightest hopes for our mission. He is sure that if we opened a Novitiate we would soon have it filled with native boys and youths eager to gather around the banner of St. Alphonsus. . . . He speaks to us frequently about the Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, and although he does not want to burden us with the care of this Shrine, it is evident that he would be highly pleased if we voluntarily accepted it."

The Sanctuary referred to in the letter is situated at a place called La Vang. Thousands of Christians, and even many pagans, come to this Shrine of Our Lady, some of the pilgrims traveling on foot for hundreds of miles. The intense devotion of the people to the Mother of God is one of the glories of the Church in Indo-China.

One of the first concerns of the missionaries was to learn the native language, composed mostly of monosyllables. Oftentimes the same word, accordingly as sung to five different tones, will convey as many distinct ideas. What is a middle-aged man to do when there is a saying current that once a person passes his thirty-fifth year, he will never speak the language correctly. Until the Fathers acquired a working knowledge of the strange tongue they confined themselves to French work, giving a series of Retreats to all the Christian Brothers in that region as well as to other French-speaking religious.

Requests for missions from places as distant as Tonkin sufficiently showed the necessity for calling in more laborers to put their sickles to the grain already white for the harvest. From time to time other Redemptorists from Canada joined the mission force in Indo-China, so that at the present time there are about eight Fathers and three Brothers in the field. Of these, three Fathers and a Brother are stationed at the more recent foundation in Hanoi, the Capital of Tonkin; while the others still remain at Hué where a large, newly-built house accommodates them together with more than thirty native Juvenists.

Although the Fathers have been laboring scarcely more than three years in this Far Eastern land, they can point to results that are not a little gratifying. They possess two flourishing foundations, both in large, central cities; they have given missions and retreats in French as well as in the native languages; and above all, they have fulfilled one of the most cherished wishes of the present Holy Father, by giving the native Catholics every opportunity to enter the Congregation founded by St. Alphonsus. At the same time they are making ample provision for the future stability and continuance of the salutary work, and are laying the solid foundation-stones of a new, self-governing Province to be manned and administered by Redemptorists sprung from the soil of Indo-China.

The man who would reform the world does well to start with himself.

HOUSES

THE HOUSE OF GREED

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

I was drawn to him from the first moment that I knew him. He was broken then—his body half withered and frail—his voice rather husky and subdued—and his eyes shadowed by that wistful longing that was born of a life of loneliness and grief. But there was always a smile lingering about his lips when we talked together, and I gradually came to know him better almost than I knew myself. I learned what a heart he had—strong as an oak—made for love and affection such as his life had never known.

Indeed, he reminds me still when I think of him, of some old battered oak tree standing alone on the summit of a barren hill. With the leaden clouds of autumn sweeping over it, and the winds and storms lashing its branches to and fro—yet standing—staunch and sturdy through it all. Such I knew him to be after he had pieced together for me, bit by bit, the story of his life.

I

It was a raw, cold day in February when Gerald Hardy came home from the Seminary where he had been studying to become a priest. He had spent four years there, plugging away at studies that came hard for him—barely, sometimes, not making the grades. In the fourth year his eyes went back on him, too, and that added to his other difficulties made the authorities and himself see that he was not called to be a priest.

Jerry came home to his sister's house, where she and her husband lived expensively on the fortune left her by her father. An old investment had suddenly realized unheard-of returns shortly before Mr. Hardy's death. He had left it to his daughter Margaret, with the proviso that she support and pay for all Jerry's expenses in his preparation for the priesthood. That had always been Jerry's ambition.

Mrs. Hardy had died when Margaret and Jerry were still children, and early in life Jerry had learned to take his place working side by side with his father to support their little home. It was only when the sudden stroke of fortune and shortly after of death itself had brought

rest to his father, that Jerry's ambition began to be realized. Now that was shattered, too, and he was back at home with his sister.

They were seated, one winter evening, about the living room of the home which the money of Jerry's father had bought and paid for. Two standing reading lamps threw a rosy light about the fancy furnishings, and cast long armed shadows about the ceiling. Snow flurries glided past the windows and a sharp wind whistled around the corners of the house, emphasizing the warmth and cosiness within. Gordon Rupert, Margaret's husband, sat beneath one lamp, the newspaper spread out on his knees, following the stock reports with his finger. Margaret, half reclined in the midst of cushions on the divan, was absorbed in a novel. Jerry, too, made pretense of reading, though his heart was not in the book.

Finally he spoke what was in his mind, broaching the subject of his further education. He wanted to go to some University, he said, now that he could no longer be a priest—take up some profession suited to his mental caliber—and do something worth while in the world. Of course, they would continue to pay for his education as they had done before.

Jerry did not anticipate the scene that followed.

"Why, Jerry," said his sister, "how can you think of such a thing! We had all we could do to fulfill father's wish and put you through the Seminary. We couldn't think of sending you to a University! It's impossible!"

Jerry looked around at the luxurious furnishings of the room. A cabinet radiola stood in one corner of the room. A baby grand piano occupied the alcove. Deep rugs, expensive furnishings, a maid and a cook, the best of everything. He thought of his father, what he would have wished for his son. Then he wondered what she meant, "it was impossible."

Gordon, a professional bond dealer, took up a legal attitude in Margaret's defense.

"According to the terms of your father's will—er—as I understand it," he said, "you were to receive money only for your education to the priesthood. Having given that up, you are not legally entitled to anything more. Of course—"

"But it wasn't my fault," broke in Jerry, almost in tears. "I couldn't help that. And my education wasn't finished, as my father wished it

to be. If he had known what was going to happen, he would have made a different arrangement."

"But he didn't," said Rupert, with an air of satisfaction, biting off the end of a cigar. "He didn't," he repeated. "That's the point."

"And I'm sure," added his sister, with an aggrieved air, "he did not want us to give up all the money he gave us to educate you. Besides, many a young man is working his way through college. Couldn't you do that?"

Jerry lapsed into silence. He knew there was no use in arguing, and he was too inexperienced to know how he could gain his point. He was twenty-two already. If he went to college now, unprepared and hampered as he was, he would have to spend every moment at his studies. He would give up the idea.

But there was to be further trouble. Jerry, of course, was looking for work, and while he looked, he stayed on at his sister's. For a time he did not notice how ill he fitted into the circle of their lives, how they considered him a drawback to their style, how he hampered their social activities. He was made to see it suddenly.

"Have you got work yet, Jerry?" his sister asked him casually one day.

"Not yet," he answered, "but there's going to be an opening in the office of Brown's Printing Company next week. I'm hoping to get the job," he added enthusiastically. "Of course it won't be much at first, but it will be a start."

"I suppose you'll be leaving us then, won't you?" she answered inquiringly.

Jerry looked at her and smiled. Even then he did not understand.

"Oh, no," he said pleasantly, innocently. "I like it here, Sis. You've got a great little home, and I'm happy to be with you for a while."

"But Jerry," she answered, unfeelingly, "we were talking about you today, and we decided we'll have to move you into that little room beside the stairs. We want to have your room redecorated and painted for some out-of-town visitors who are coming here next month. I've fixed a cot in the little room, and you won't mind moving in there, will you? Besides, it won't cost you so much when you get a job and begin to pay us."

A puzzled look came into Jerry's eyes. He looked into his sister's face, but she would not meet his glance. Then it dawned on him like a

flash. He was not wanted. He did not fit in their home. He had no place to go, but plainly he was not welcome here. That was what her words and actions had meant all along.

Suddenly before his mind all the memories of their childhood days together trooped and passed. He saw himself and his little sister poor but happy, playing, working, struggling together hand in hand in the days that were gone. Now he was not wanted in her home. Money had changed it all.

It was too much for him—struck him too suddenly. Tears filled his eyes. He turned and rushed hastily up the stairs to his room.

Frantically he packed his things together in the bag he had brought back from the Seminary. Five, ten minutes passed, and he was down stairs again, bag in hand, dressed for the street. Margaret saw him and feigned surprise.

"Why, Jerry," she said, "where are you going?"

He tried to be cheerful.

"Oh, I'll find a place," he said; "I didn't want to be in the way for your cleaning." He took a step toward her, thinking to kiss her good-bye. But the tears came again, and the lump in his throat. He waved his hand and went out into the wintry day.

"But, Jerry—" Half-heartedly she thought to restrain him, and took a step toward the door after him, but he was gone.

Vaguely troubled and uneasy, yet admitting a sense of relief, Margaret stood looking after him. . . .

II

His old home town looked much the same to him, as Jerry stepped off the train to visit it for the first time in fifteen years. The ancient buildings in the down-town section about the station remained unchanged, despite the fancy new ones that had sprung up in their midst. Memories were awakened with every view that met his eyes.

Fifteen years! Jerry's life had been lonely since he left his sister's house that long time before. Lonely but not bitter. He had a heart that could be hurt, but that could not learn to hate. Therefore he had never held any lasting rancour against his sister—only tried to place himself in her position—to understand her motives and aims as if they were his own. There are few hearts that could learn that lesson so well as Jerry had.

It was the same about his disappointment regarding the priesthood.

Many a man in his position would have thought to criticize Providence—to complain against his lot. Jerry simply took it for granted that God did what was best. Instead of complaining he had looked about for some other work to which he could devote his life. He had found it in working to support and educate other boys for the priesthood he had desired for himself.

But now he was back, driven by an ever-growing desire to see his sister again. They had drifted so completely apart—he thought that if he could just see her for a few moments—just make her know he loved her still and held her memory dear—he would be satisfied. He held nothing against her—he wondered if she would understand.

He had bought a newspaper, and sat down in the station glancing through it before he set out to visit the old scenes again. There it was he ran across the news in a little item on a back page. Gordon Rupert—well-known financier—had been struck down with pneumonia. He was battling for his life in Mercy Hospital.

In a moment Jerry was on his feet, setting out toward the Hospital. Perhaps Margaret would need him now—perhaps a word of comfort from his lips, an assurance of his sympathy would make her see that everything was all right between them.

At the hospital he asked at the desk after Mr. Rupert. His condition was grave, he was told, barely a chance for his life. Even now they were seeking his friends to make blood tests for a transfusion. He needed new blood to carry on his struggle.

Jerry thought a moment. His decision was sudden.

"Will you tell his physician that I am here and will take the test?"

The nurse called the doctor over the house phone and received an answer. There was little time to lose. Another nurse led Jerry to a room on the second floor.

The tests were quickly made. His heart and lungs were all right—his own health good. He saw them place a drop of his blood on the little square glass and peer at it through the microscope. The notes were taken, the comparison made with the patient's blood. The doctor seemed satisfied.

"Good," he said. "Just what we want. Are you ready?"

Jerry bared his arm and watched his blood drip out into the little glass. He felt strangely nervous and excited, thinking of Margaret. He feared that she would come in and find him there. She must not

learn that he had done this—he would tell them to conceal his name.

It was over now. He waited impatiently while they bandaged his arm. He wanted to get away. In a shaking voice he asked them to conceal his name.

He stepped hastily toward the door, but suddenly, unaccountably, felt dizzy and unsteady. The room swam around him in circles, his hand went out for support—and then he remembered no more.

They carried him to a vacant room near by.

II

Only the dim corridor lights were aglow in the hospital. The night nurses moved about noiselessly, or sat quiet at their desks making reports. Here and there a murmured sound came from a patient's room, and the tinkle of ice against glass as refreshing drinks were brought to sleepless sufferers. Outside of these intermittent sounds, silence lay over wards and rooms.

Into the silence and restfulness of the scene an unwonted figure stepped softly. A woman, fashionably dressed, with a little black, tight-fitting hat enclosing a face that seemed sorrow-worn and anxious. She stepped up to the watchful nurse on the second floor and spoke in a whisper.

"Will you show me to the room of Mr. Gerald Hardy, please?" she said. "I have a special permission to see him—that is, if he is not asleep." She held out a little card. "I am his sister," she added.

The nurse frowned and looked at the card.

"Wait here," she said; "I shall see if he is awake."

Noiselessly she went down the corridor and entered a room. Mrs. Rupert waited anxiously, her hand on her bosom. In a moment the nurse returned.

"He is awake, and restless," she said. "You will not disturb him?" she asked, her brows uplifted. "He is in a very weak and nervous condition. Could you not wait till morning?"

"No, no," the woman answered pleadingly. "Let me go to him at once. I am sure I shall not disturb him."

"Room 214," she said, as she turned back to her desk.

Mrs. Rupert tiptoed down the corridor and stopped before her brother's room. A number of mixed emotions made her heart beat wildly. Remorse and gratitude and reawakened love. Her lips twitched

The nurse dismissed her with a nod.

nervously and tears were very near her eyes. In the moment she hesitated before entering, her mind went back to the old days when as a boy and girl she and Jerry had gone through life hand in hand. Vainly she strove to drive from imagination the scene of their parting fifteen years before. Parted over money—she thought—when love should have bound them close.

The door was slightly ajar. She slipped inside and stood still a moment, her heart pounding. There he lay—Jerry. Pale and wan, with his face to the wall, seemingly asleep. Almost suddenly he turned nervously, till his wandering, sleepless eyes fell on the form at the door. He could only stare.

"Jerry—O Jerry!" his sister whispered convulsively, and in a moment she was kneeling at his bedside and was crying like a baby.

A sad sweet smile bent down the corners of Jerry's mouth, and his face lighted up. He stretched out a hand and stroked the shaking shoulders of his older sister as he would stroke a child.

"Don't cry, Markie," he said, unconsciously calling her by the name he had used years back, before he had been able to pronounce her name. "Don't cry. I'm glad you're here. Don't cry any more now. Don't."

It was long before he could quiet her.

"O Jerry," she said then, between her sobs and tears, "you have been so good. You saved Gordon's life, and we have been so mean to you. I'm so sorry. O why did we ever part from one another that way!"

Jerry's voice was soothing and patient.

"Why, Markie," he said, "I have never held it against you. We had such good times together when we were young, and I was often too mean to you then, that I could never blame you even if you had done anything to pay me back."

"No, no, Jerry, it was all my fault. I should have arranged something—I was so hard and worldly—"

"Don't you remember," Jerry broke in, trying to distract her from the painful memory of the scene they both remembered so well; "don't you remember how I used to get sore at you when you bossed me when we were kids, and tell you that some day I wouldn't have to listen to what you told me and take orders from you? Remember how I said I'd be glad when we grew up so I could do what I wanted. Why, sure, it was all my fault. I got what I deserved. Wasn't I a mean little cuss?"

That brought a smile—a smile through the tears. Jerry followed it up quickly.

"Sure, Markie, I couldn't be expecting you to be supporting a bum like me all my life. You taught me a good lesson. Anyway, let's forget all about it. We're happy now, aren't we? Let's not spoil it by worrying."

"If we had had a mother, Jerry," said his sister, after a little, "I am sure all that wouldn't have happened. I'm sure I would have had more sense."

Jerry laughed at her, and jokingly recalled memory after memory until they cried and laughed together. A tap at the door finally interrupted them. The nurse announced it was time for the visitor to go.

"I'll come back in the morning, Jerry. I want to talk things over with you. I want to know what you've been doing—how you've been getting along in life. Can't we go back to the happy days again?"

A look of doubt passed over Jerry's features.

"I don't know," he said. "It's all right, though. I get along fine. Kiss me, Markie, before you go. I want to think about you as we were those years ago."

He held her hand in his for a long time. She bent down and kissed his forehead, turned and was gone. His hand remained stretched out after her for a long time. . . . Then the little smile came back to his lips and at last he slept and dreamed. . . .

IV

With the first break of dawn Jerry awoke. The sun was sending its first rays slantwise into his room, lighting up the polished furnishings like silver and gold. He had to think a moment before he remembered where he was.

Then it all came back to him. The memory of the night before warmed him into life. The smile returned to his lips.

Then he remembered, too, that his sister would return. She would want to take him away from the life he was leading. She would try to make up for what she done to part them years ago. Jerry pondered the thought long and deeply.

He could not go back again. The old troubles would arise. They lived in a circle that he knew nothing about. He would be out of place. No one would recognize that so well as they—after the warmth of their first welcome and gratitude would be over. And then the memory of

the night before would be blotted out by little unspoken rubs that all the luxuries he would receive were not enough to pay for.

He clung to that one memory—and the long train of childhood memories it awoke—so fondly that his decision was not hard to make. He found his clothes in the little closet near his bed. Swiftly and quietly he dressed himself. . . .

The morning was well advanced when Mrs. Rupert returned to the hospital. She stopped a moment to see how her husband was getting on. He was sleeping peacefully—the first time in days—the danger was over. Her heart swelled with gratitude again as she made her way to Jerry's room.

The door was wide open. A nurse was moving briskly about inside—fixing the bed—cleaning the room. She entered, but her voice caught in her throat as she tried to speak. The nurse looked at her, then stepped forward to help her, thinking she was going to faint.

But she did not faint. Only whispered a word—a question—and was answered by a nod.

Jerry was gone.

* * *

Those were the high points in Jerry's life, as I learned to piece them together as he talked to me. He had never had a harsh thought about anyone, had never allowed the love in his heart to be spoiled and ruined by the demon of hate. I called him one of God's noblemen.

After Jerry had passed away—it was not long after I knew him, but years after he had seen his sister—I had one commission left to perform for him. It was to take his last message to his sister. Those few moments of reunion he had had with her that night in the hospital had made happier the whole remainder of his life. I had wanted to call her to him when I knew he was nearing his end—in fact, had tried to do so—but she was traveling in Europe. Jerry seemed glad that it was so. He lived on her memory to the end.

It was one day a month or so after we had laid him away, that I was traveling through the city of Jerry's birth and determined to call on Mrs. Rupert. With some trepidation I went to the house. A maid met me at the door and announced my coming. Soon I was alone in the spacious living room with Jerry's sister.

I noticed that she was in mourning, and felt like beating a hasty retreat with the further sad news I had to break. But I could not think

of any other reason to give for my coming, and besides I thought that Jerry's words would cheer her somewhat even if it added to her grief. Later I learned that her husband had died a short time before.

"I have a message here," I began, taking the little folded piece of paper from my pocket, "from your brother."

I shall never forget the look of joy that leaped into her features at the name—and the sinking of my own heart at what I had to say. I think she read in my look that Jerry was dead, for immediately she began to cry. I hurried on with my task.

"Yes," I said, "Jerry thought of you to the last and gave me this message for you. Shall I read it to you?" She nodded—I knew well she could not see for tears to read it herself.

"'Dear Markie,'" I read, "Before very long I will have set out on my long journey. I have thought of you always—especially of the years we spent together—and that one night in the hospital. We can think of each other still—can't we, Markie? And some day we will be together again. I know you will remember me when I am gone.—Jerry."

For a long time after I had read the note, I spoke to her of her brother, trying to stop the flow of tears and the grief that was almost a paroxysm. Then she looked around at all the fine things in her home, and with a little gesture she spoke to me, a lonely woman now, lonelier than Jerry had ever been.

"I would give it all," she said, "everything I have ever had, to know now that I had been good to Jerry."

I left her, weeping still, and walked to the station, pondering the eternal problem: Why do people find out for themselves too late the futility of worldliness and greed?

LAUGHTER

"Anatomikally konsidered, laffing iz the sensation of pheeling good all over and showing it principally in one spot. Morally konsidered, it iz the next best thing tew the ten commandments. Theoretikally konsidered, it kan out-argy all the logik in existense. Pyroteknikally konsidered, it is the fireworks of the soul."—*Josh Billings*

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for someone else.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

The Story Of Perpetual Help

CHAP. XI THE HISTORIC TABLET EXPLAINED

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

Convinced of the truthfulness of Perpetual Help's historic tablet, we shall now endeavor to explain it more fully, and to answer some of the questions that may arise in the minds of the readers.

Have you any information, one might inquire at the outset, concerning the church where Perpetual Help was first exposed on the Island of Crete? Our answer, sad to say, must be a blank negative. Much as we tried we were unable to unearth any evidence in this regard. Even the hard efforts of Count Spiro Theotokis, who carefully examined all the documents pertaining to Crete in the Venetian Archives, were without avail. Nor does there appear to be any tradition on the island relating to a Picture that was once stolen from its shores. So we must confess with truth: "Ignoramus et ignorabimus"—we do not know, nor shall we know until some happy discovery brings it to light.

Interesting, too, is the question which might be worded thus: What was the motive that inspired the merchant to take the Picture from Crete? Was he led thereto by a motive of piety, lest it fall into the hands of the Turks? Or did he actually steal it intending to sell it in some distant land?

Carocci believes that the merchant carried off the Picture out of piety, lest it be destroyed by the infidel Turk! He says: "In Crete there lived a merchant who was more concerned about protecting the treasures of heaven, than the fleeting one of earth. He had cultivated an ardent affection for the Most Blessed Virgin, and for one of her devotional and miraculous pictures; but because he saw, or foresaw, owing to the proximity of such malicious neighbors as the Turks, the

falling off of the devotion (to this Picture) or its total neglect, he so brought things to bear that he was able to make away with this great treasure under cover of night. He who steals with such a motive, steals Paradise." His words are beautiful and edifying indeed. But from the expression used in the tablet, namely, *furto abstulit*—he took it by stealth—we are more inclined to believe that personal gain rather than piety prompted the act. Moreover, we can find no intimation of a pious motive in the tablet itself unless perhaps we can see some specious pretext for such a motive in his dying words: "When death, which is so near, shall have deprived me of the power of taking the Picture where I would."

As a further motive for the theft Carocci advances "fear of the Turks." But we confess that we are unable to discover on the island at that time any reason for such a fear. True, Constantinople fell to the Turks in 1453; but we do not think this occasioned the Cretans any fear, for at that time Crete was safely nestled in the cradle of the deep, powerfully protected and carefully watched over, by the greatest Republic of the day—the Republic of Venice—and Venice feared not the Turk. As a matter of fact, Crete did not come under Turkish dominion until two centuries later, in 1669.

We must not imagine, however, that in the Middle Ages—those ages of strong, war-like faith—the pious theft of a holy picture or of a sacred relic was an uncommon occurrence. City vied with city, and church with church in displaying the greatest works of art, and the most miraculous pictures. Of this Hyacinthus Carucci assures us saying: "Those were the times when occurred in Christendom what was called the hunt after relics. . . . A (Christian) city that did not possess a relic of some Saint seemed unworthy of its name. Not seldom were relics stolen; and in stealing them, they did not refrain from employing means which were both violent and deceptive."

Again, avarice is a common vice among merchants. That was especially true of the merchants of Crete. Epimenides, quoted by St. Paul, stigmatized them as "always liars, evil beasts, slothful bellies." The Cretans, declared Polybius, thought no gain dishonorable. And according to Cicero, they regarded stealing as an act of virtue.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

Long years ago explorers found in this valley rich and fertile spots for the many settlements that have grown into towns and cities. Many of these explorers were Catholic and left as their heritage old Catholic traditions and names. Small wonder, then, that this favored spot on the American continent should in our own day become almost the one big chosen spot of Our Blessed Lady.

We have chronicled at various times the wonderful and pious crowds who attend the biennial Novenas at St. Louis. Lately we have told, in brief, the story of the amazing hold Our Lady has on the city of New Orleans; how the perpetual Novena of Tuesdays is constantly growing; how the favors Our Mother grants are widely distributed; how many and various these favors are.

And now we chronicle what we saw on a recent visit to Davenport, Iowa. As cities go, Davenport is a small one indeed. It numbers not much over fifty thousand inhabitants all told. And its percentage of Catholicity is likewise small in comparison with the larger shrine-cities, St. Louis and New Orleans. There is perhaps one Catholic in every eight or ten persons in Davenport. Not many indeed. And yet, in proportion, these few Catholics are decidedly one in their devotion to the Mother of Perpetual Help.

The scene of this activity for the greater honor of God's own Mother is the little church of St. Alphonsus, at one end of Davenport. Almost out of the way as it is located, it yet sees vast crowds in and around every Tuesday evening.

The small church holds scarcely three hundred people. And into this small dwelling of Our Lord were crowded more than half of a crowd of nine hundred and fifty people on the last Tuesday of August. We counted nine hundred and fifty-one, and may have missed quite a few even at that. The count is rather below the actual figure than above it.

What the attraction? Just a simple service in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help—nothing more. The service was over in slightly more than half an hour. It consisted of three hymns to Our Blessed Lady, all sung by the assembled congregation; the reading of some of the many petitions sent in; the reading of a few of the Thanksgivings; the summing up of all petitions and all thanksgivings with an appro-

priate prayer—by the whole assembly—for each class; and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at which the congregation again sang the hymns. When all was over the priests in attendance at the shrine gave an individual blessing to those who approached the altar rail—and all was over.

Nothing could be simpler than these devotions. And yet their attraction is such that now there are two hours set apart every Tuesday in order to accommodate the ever-increasing throng of Mary's clients and admirers.

From far and near these people gathered that Tuesday evening in such wise that even before seven o'clock the church was packed to capacity. One could hardly get through the aisles, let alone find a place in the seats and pews. The aisles were filled before seven-fifteen; and the overflow was taken care of in the sanctuary, the sacristies and on the spacious lawns around. Even out into the street that passes before the church did that vast concourse extend.

Now as for the why and wherefore of that concourse, in a small and inadequate church, in the heat of the summer, we can say only one thing: the answer must have come from heaven long ago in the form of an answer to prayer. Maybe one single prayer was answered in striking manner; maybe many prayers were answered in a way that could leave but little doubt as to the author of the answer. Be it a miracle or be it only a constant source of help that is here found—Our Mother of Perpetual Help has come to her own.

She who has ever been the hope and the refuge of sinners has given of her fullness of grace at this shrine. She still does so.

She who has power over the Heart of her Son, has shown her power in more instances than even the thanksgivings will indicate.

She whose hands are always full of mercy, has shown her motherliness and kindness to so many at this favored shrine that others, seeking like favors, most naturally go there to ask for the same heavenly gifts.

And may she, who is Our Life, Our Sweetness and Our Hope, be ever honored there as she so well deserves.

May devotion to her grow and bring with it also the growth of devotion and love for her Son—the Redeemer of mankind.

Through Mary to Jesus, may it be the life-story of many in and around the shrine of Our Mother of Perpetual Help at Davenport.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Please publish in your worthy magazine a special favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

I wanted to know if I had a religious vocation and if so to what convent I should go. I made a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help asking Her to direct me in my choice, promising to publish same in THE LIGUORIAN if I obtained the favor.

Through the help of a good priest I have been received into a convent and am most happy in my new life. I feel certain Our Lady directed me here and that this is the answer to my prayers.—N. N., Las Vegas, N. Mexico.

* * *

"Dear Father: I am enclosing \$5.00 for an act of thanksgiving to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Please sing a High Mass. The favor I received was: good luck in selling a double cottage at a price which enabled me to avoid a severe loss. I made the October Novena for this intention and am making this present Novena in thanksgiving."

"Dear Father: I am enclosing two dollars for Masses of thanksgiving to Our Mother of Perpetual Help. It is through her intercession that my husband and my son both obtained good positions."

"Dear Father: Thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for a favor received. The nature of the favor was: the receipt of moneys due me—but which I had no hope of ever collecting. Enclosed five dollars offering for a High Mass promised."

"Dear Father: Enclosed please find offering for a Mass of thanksgiving. My wife and I were on the point of separating on account of family troubles. We both made the Novena for peace—and through the prayers of the good people who made the Novena, peace has returned to us. We are happy again. A thousand thanks to Our Mother."

The original theory of the founders of the American Commonwealth was that religion should and must be taught in the public schools; and hence the exclusion of religion, so far from being a fundamental doctrine, is in reality quite contrary to the intent and meaning of American institutions.

About the best method of climbing higher is to remain on the level.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE ONLY REAL SATISFACTION

A few years ago, Eva Lavalliere attracted the homage of the gay world of Paris as an actress. She had a markedly joyous and brilliant career. Then suddenly she renounced all worldly satisfactions in order to work out her life obscurely in a little village in the Vosges, in repentance, piety and charity.

When her state of health kept her from pursuing the religious life she had begun in Africa, Eva Lavalliere became a Tertiary of St. Francis. As such, naturally one of the greatest devotions of her life was to the Blessed Virgin.

After her death, just recently, a document was found near her bed, written entirely by hand, no doubt, a short while before her death. It was entitled: "Contract With Mary." It read:

"O Mary, Virgin most pure, my good Mother, I come today to prostrate myself at your feet and to execute with you a contract of love.

"I consecrate to you my body, my heart, my soul; I trust with you my present interests and those of Eternity; I shall confide in you my joys and my pains. Each morning you will lead me to the Holy Table, you will be with me at the hour of trial and I shall be to you a most devoted child. To signify these promises and to unite myself with you by an unbroken chain of prayer and love, I wish each day, O my Mother, in order to be faithful, cost what it may, to recite the consecration: 'O my Queen, O my Mother, be mindful that I belong to you, protect me, defend me as your own.'

"Each Saturday I shall impose upon myself a little mortification in your honor, and on each of your feasts I shall renew my loving contract.

"In return for these promises, O Virgin Immaculate, give me your heart for the love of Jesus so that like you I may fulfill His wishes. Aid me in acquiring such virtues as He desires for me, to forget myself always, to work only for God without fear of sacrifice, without cessation, and I shall rely upon your perpetual help always to be that which Jesus wishes me.

"I am His, I am yours, O my good Mother, give me each day your blessed and maternal benediction until my last evening when your Immaculate Heart will present me in Heaven to the Heart of Jesus, so that I may love you and bless you without end."

Among her papers were found the following thoughts, worthy of being noted:

"To believe, that is my strength. To love, that is my life. The rest? What matters?

"Glory, success, all the satisfactions of life, I have them, I have had them; there remains of them only a feeling of profound disgust. Nothing is comparable to a little minute of ecstasy. O Jesus, what Heaven must be if I may judge it by the short instants when my soul is no longer of this world, when my happiness cannot be defined since I do not know what words, since words are finite and my happiness is infinite. My God, I love You."

THE WISDOM OF BABES

St. Therese of Lisieux and her sister, Celine, when about four and seven years old, respectively, one day had a conversation about the Eucharist.

"How can God be in such a tiny Host?" asked Celine.

"That is not strange," answered Therese, "because God is almighty."

"And what does 'almighty' mean?" asked the older child.

"It means," explained Therese, "that He can do whatever He likes."

How simple do not such childish explanations seem! Yet they are not simpler than the profound truths that they express!

SELFISHNESS

"If one of us gets down," said the little boy to his sister when they were riding the hobby horse together, "there will be more room for me."

This is the only kind of charity many people—grown-up children—profess: for themselves.—*Donnelly*.

Like an old woman who goes from room to room looking for her spectacles that are pushed up on her forehead, we walk all over the world looking for the peace that God has so set that our feet are constantly stumbling against it.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY

Rosary Month is here again. It ought to be welcome to us as the Spring is welcome, as a time for roses to honor our Queen and to brighten our own souls. The Rosary ought not to be to us an obligation; it ought to be a gift, a bouquet that we freely bring to our Blessed Mother.

We could think of no better prayer, however we may look upon it. The single prayers that compose it are the best we know. They are prayers that were on the lips of Christ, or uttered by an Archangel, or repeated by Apostles and hallowed by the dying lips of martyrs.

They recall to us all the saving and satisfying truths of our holy Faith.

They bring before us again, as a movie picture might, the lives of those who are first in our love, dearest in our esteem, strongest and most tender in their readiness to aid us: Jesus and Mary.

Will you say the Rosary of Our Lady this month? Will everyone in the family say it? Will you say it together?

THE HOUR OF NEED

Lindbergh tells us that there is a truism often uttered among aviators to the effect that "if you need a parachute once and haven't got one—you'll never need it again."

With but a slight modification, the same principle holds in the spiritual realm of man—with infinitely more—nay, eternally more aptitude. If a man needs the Sacraments in the moment of his death—and hasn't received them and has no chance to receive them—he will never have the chance to need them again. Never!

An aviator does not wait until the moment of his fall to look about for a parachute.

Neither does the reasonable man wait till the moment that comes but once in a lifetime—to safeguard himself for the eternity that follows.

How many of us are reasonable?

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

School children offer many pictures to us—and the pictures awaken thoughts—as we walk about these days on our busy city streets.

Morning.

The early silvery sunlight is over all. The kind of sunlight that speaks so indescribably of future things—that is a promise of more brilliance to come. That puts the spur of hope to a lagging spirit—and the fire of courage in the timid heart.

Boys and girls in twos and threes, with books under arms, with freshness and vigor in the clear sound of their voices, are seen all about us, marching to school. Carefree and gay, jesting and playing, unaware of all its meaning, yet marching to school.

Significant—this marching on of children into the halls and rooms of our schools. Surely they do not realize half of what it means; but that is for us to realize—gradually unfolding it to their awakening minds.

For their marching is not only into schools—they are marching into life—into death—into eternity.

How shall we lead them on?

* * *

Noon.

The sunlight is warmer now—and brighter. It casts fewer shadows as it falls—and speaks more potently of the present—of labor at its zenith—of toil begun but not finished.

The children are at play now—after the dinner hour—before the re-opening of school. In the school yards we see them—absorbed in their recreation. Games of all sorts raise a mingling sound of voices that approaches Babel. No one can play so lustily, so heartily as a child out of school.

There is meaning in their play, though that, too, they do not understand. Men and women play—as children play in their days of school. Play is necessary to life—to the serious work that life entails. But there is innocent play—like the child's—and dangerous play—and sinful play—all at our hand in life.

How will these children play when the innocent games of youth no longer satisfy the play-time of their lives?

Here, too, must we lead them on.

Evening.

Now the sunlight is golden—not silvery with hope as in the morning—nor dully bright as in the heat of noontime—but golden red upon the world in the softening glow of evening. The hour of rest is near, and nature clothes herself in significant accord.

Homeward bound are the children now. School hours are over. Books are strapped together and slung carelessly over their shoulders. A spirit of freedom and relaxation prevails over the dispersing groups.

But whether they linger at street corners to talk and laugh a little longer—whether they stop to join in some twilight game—or whether arm in arm they move slowly on—before night has fallen they will all be home!

Home! What thoughts the word gives rise to in our minds! For one child, perhaps, a mansion—for another only a hovel or a room. For one a place, perhaps, of comparative contentment and joy—for another a place of dissension and sorrow. For one, peace—for another strife!

Ah—these are not home—these places of time and change! It takes a lifetime to form a home—and death must be its door! The fashioning is begun at school—the tools are given—the method of working learned—but only with life can the work be done. And God pity the child who is not taught the way to build its home!

How shall we lead them on?

EATING THE CRUST

The author of the book called "The School of Experience," advises that boys and girls ought to be trained "to eat the crust."

"Bread and pies," he says, "are not the only things in the world that have crusts; there is a sheet of hard crust around nearly everything worth having in the world. . . ."

"The best index to one's character is the way he eats his crusts in life. Watch him under galling trial; observe how he trims his sail for a contrary breeze, mark the temper of the man when everything goes against him for weeks at a stretch. Past training, present capabilities, and future prospects are revealed in outline. I feel sorry for the person who can't endure to have his likings crossed. There is no place

for him in this disjointed world where all the roses grow on thorny stalks. . . .

"The things we hate to meet and fear to tackle make up the real backbone of life's discipline. If we see in the distasteful routine of daily experience so many opportunities, God-given perhaps, ours to use at least, it gives to every trial a place and meaning of its own."

A BOOK SHOP SURPRISE

Increased demands from non-Catholics for informative literature about the Church was reported by booksellers in Washington after the last election. Most of these displayed a sincere desire to know the truth. Some were openly antagonistic; some were also humorous.

A few weeks ago an old man came to Mr. Gallery's book Store and pointed to a stock of books in the window.

"What's them?" he asked.

"They are Bibles," replied Mr. Gallery.

"Say, this is a Catholic Book Store, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"And you sell them Bibles to Catholics?"

"Surely, they are Catholic Bibles."

The old man stood stiffly, as though he had received a shock. Then a frown appeared on his face. "Let me see one of them," he said.

He opened the book and scanned the first few pages, then closed it with a bang. Turning to Mr. Gallery, he said:

"You wrap me up about six of them. I come from down in North Carolina and they been telling me that Catholics ain't allowed to look in the Bible. They told me lots of other things, too, that I don't believe now. I'm going to take them Bibles down there and ram them down the throats of the blankety-blank liars."

TIME AND PATIENCE

It is wonderful what time does for a soul when helped by patience. Patience with time matures everything. God is the governor of your soul: have patience with His mysterious ways and let Him govern you. A hundred have perseverance for one who has patience; but without patience that perseverance is of a restless, broken and unpeaceful kind. Devout surrender to the ways of God is the summit of patience.

Catholic Events

JOHN RAPHAEL MELVIN, C.S.S.R.

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss.R.

On Friday, Aug. 30, there died in St. Joseph's Sanatorium, Asheville, N. C., the Rev. John Raphael Melvin, C. Ss. R.

Since July, 1916, Father Melvin was a regular contributor to *THE LIGUORIAN*. Almost every month since that time, this magazine carried a poem or a short story or a serial story from his gifted pen. That his pen was gifted is plain to everyone who studies his work, in its amount and in its quality, and is well attested by the many requests that have come in, from time to time, to have his poems and stories published in book form.

He wrote under his own name, and under that of "James Smiley, C.Ss.R.," and under the initials "M. J. R." Readers will remember his serial stories: *Four Loves and a Life* (1919); *The Circle of Red* (1922); *The Shrimp Becomes a Whale* (1924); and, *Play Square* (1926); as well as the series called: *Rambling on the King's Highway*.

THE LIGUORIAN, which received most of his work, for he was deeply interested in it, was not the only magazine for which he wrote. His work appeared also on occasions in many other magazines and newspapers.

And still, writing was merely a hobby for him. He was above all a priest, and his real work was done in various Redemptorist Parishes in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. He was an accomplished linguist, and in laboring on the missions, preached in English, Bohemian and Slavish. These languages he had learnt while working in the mines near Johnstown, Pa.

In his parochial work he displayed remarkable talent in the organization and development of Catholic Clubs and Societies.

While stationed in New York, for instance, Father Melvin was a prime mover in Catholic Summer Camp work in that Archdiocese. At Boston he is still well remembered by the men for his work in directing the reorganization and rehabilitation of the St. Alphonsus Association, at the Mission Church in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers there. This Association is now one of the largest and best of the men's social and religious organizations in the East,—due mainly, says the *Catholic Observer*,—to the untiring efforts put forth by Father Melvin while he was stationed at the Mission Church. In various places he established flourishing Dramatic Societies, in connection with which work he wrote several plays that were well received.

"Father Melvin's sunny disposition and jovial nature," says the *Catholic News*, "cause him to be known as 'Father Smiley' by hun-

dreds of priests and lay people;" and he frequently used that appellation as his pen name. And indeed, that was one of the outstanding characteristics of the man,—his gayety. But another quality was equally apparent and infinitely more impressive,—his deep faith. These two qualities inspiring his untiring diligence, his constant work.

Even while taking the cure at the Asheville Sanatorium he was constantly busy. "They are threatening me with death or a month in jail if I don't stop pounding this machine and rest," he wrote, when sending one of his contributions. And this is the order of day he drew up for himself while at the Sanatorium:

"I just got a swift punch in the jaw," he wrote, on March 11, of this year. I had a nice daily order mapped out and was following it religiously. But the Doc smashed it to bits. It was an easy order at that: five hours work and study; three hours of devotions; and two hours of reading with one hour of recreation. A fine order for an invalid and not too hard. The Doc found out about it today and says: Drop that work and study . . . Oh well, we'll be a long time dead!"

But the Doctors must have been very lenient nevertheless,—if we are to judge by the amount of work he accomplished while in bed.

He took his sickness like a man, smiled through it and always lived on in hope. Every letter brought his eager desire to be back on the missions again. Meanwhile, he tried to make the other patients happy.

"I got out a joke-book here for private circulation. I was going to send it to you, but many of the jokes are purely local. For instance, our San College Cheer for T. B.

'One lung. Two lungs.

T.B.—T.B.

Rales,—Rales,—Rales.'

Or,—our nurses soak their gum in gasoline to get more mileage out of it; or—none of our nurses will ever contract T.B., because their parents were so strong and healthy; they had to be to raise such dumb-bells.

"So you see I am not melvincholic (*) after all. But it is getting on my nerves. Feel as strong as a horse and yet not allowed to budge. Can you imagine Melvin being told it's a mortal sin to stretch his arms above his head, a venial sin to stoop to pick up anything, and a serious fault even to laugh heartily? So even my merriment is confined to a series of giggling grunts and cheery chuckles."

But his expressions of tender love for Our Lord and confidence in our Blessed Mother, which run like a golden thread through all his letters, are of too personal and sacred a nature to quote.

Two weeks before his death he seemed to have a presentiment of the approaching end. Though the Doctors seemed to see nothing serious in his condition,—in a letter at that time, he expressed his last wishes, and said:

"I've put up a good fight, haven't I? But there is no more use now. For the first time in my life I've given up. If I can shake off this mood, I shall write again; if not,—when you pray for hardened sinners, mention the name of Melvin."

This was his last letter. He had spent almost a year at the Asheville Sanatorium and had just been declared cured of tuberculosis. Suddenly acute appendicitis set in and an emergency operation was performed. It was too late. Forty hours after, he was dead.

Father Melvin was born in Johnstown, Pa., on August 29, 1886,—his death therefore having occurred on the day after his forty-third birthday anniversary. He was the son of Edward G. and Theresa O'Neil Melvin. After finishing St. Columbia's Parochial School in Johnstown, he entered St. Mary's College,—the Redemptorist Fathers' Preparatory Seminary at North East, Erie County, Pa. He was then eighteen years old,—having in the meantime completed High School and worked in the Johnstown Mines. In 1910 he entered the Redemptorist Novitiate at Ilchester, Md., and on Aug. 2, 1911, he made his vows as a Redemptorist. Then followed his major seminary course at Mt. St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. On June 7, 1916, he was ordained to the priesthood.

After his ordination at Mt. St. Alphonsus, he entered his second novitiate, taking a special course in preparation for the missionary work carried on by the Redemptorist Fathers. His first assignment was to St. Wenceslaus Church, Baltimore, where he worked among the Bohemians and Slavs. From Baltimore he was transferred to the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, East 61st St., New York, and later to the Mission Church in Boston. His last assignment was to St. Philomena's Pittsburg.

Father Melvin is survived by his Parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Melvin, of Johnstown; by two brothers, Edward Melvin of Warren, Ohio, and Thomas Melvin, of Johnstown, and by two sisters,—Sister Mary Alphonsus of the Sisters of Mercy, now stationed at St. Peter's School, Butler,—and Miss Irene Melvin, of Johnstown. Sister M. Etheldreda, of Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, and Rev. James Melvin, of the Altoona Cathedral, are cousins of Father Melvin.

I feel sure that all readers of THE LIGUORIAN will remember Father Melvin in their prayers. He wished me to make this request; for in his humility, he felt deeply the sentiments he expressed in the last poem he wrote, and which was published in the September issue, almost the very day he died:

"I can but beg thee never to forget me,
O Mary, Queen of Happiness and Peace.
I do not ask these burdens that beset me
That thou shouldst lift, nor bid my sorrow cease.
I only hope, remaining close beside thee,
To never lose remembrance of thy charm;
A trembling child, whatever may betide me,
To feel the clasp of thy maternal arm."

May this sweet and tender wish of his, through the Mercy of God, be quickly fulfilled! R.I.P.

* * *

The Seventh Annual Rural Life Conference will be held in Des Moines, Iowa, October 15 to 17.

Lucid Intervals

Johnny—Mama, I wish I had a little sister.

Mama—Why do you wish that?

Johnny—'Cause I'm tired of teasing the cat.

Roger—"Mummy I have such a surprise for you!"

Mummy—"What is it, darling?"

Roger—"I've swallowed a nail."

A smart-Aleck walking past a farm house saw an old colored man about to set fire to a field of dry grass.

"Don't do that, uncle," he cried. Don't do that; you will spoil the looks of that land."

"Why so, sah, why so?" queried the old man.

"It will make it look as black as you are," replied the smart-Aleck.

"Nebber min' dat, sah, nebber min' dat. Ah's gwine to sow oats on dat lan' an' make it look as green as yo' is," the man replied.

Uno—I have a splendid idea for a magazine poem.

Kuno—Save it. You don't need it for a magazine poem.

Marie—Oh, George, I've been stung by a bee. What shall I do?

George—Put some ammonia on it.

Marie—But it's gone!

Hush little chigger,

Don't you cry,

There'll be a picnic

By and by.

A landlord wrote to his tenant: "Dear Sir—I regret to inform you that my rent is much overdue. Will you please forward me a check?"

Back came the reply: "Dear Sir—I see no reason why I should pay your rent. I can't pay my own."

Algernon, reading jokes—Fancy this, Percy, a chap here thinks a football coach has four wheels!

Percy—Haw, haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?

The country lady was not used to rail travel and pestered the conductor a good deal. Finally she asked, "Are you sure the train will stop if you pull that rope?"

"Oh, yes ma'am."

"Well, how does it work?"

"You see, the other end is around the engineer's neck."

"I wants to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said Uncle 'Rastus to the street-car conductor.

"You want to be—what?"

"Look in de dictionary, sah! 'Procrastinate, to put off.' Dat's what I mean."

The Young Gentleman of Color to Boon Companion of Like ilk: "See hyah, Mahmduke, was yo' evah in love?"

The ilk (witheringly): "Was I, boy? Nevah was anythin' else but!"

"Den how does yo' feel when yo's in love?"

"We-e-ell, jes' try an' pictur' yo'self fallin' off de roof of de highest' buildin' in town, an' landin' in a bar'l full o' beer—an' yo' comes purty near nigh to it."

Jimmy was sleeping peacefully during the spelling lesson, and when the teacher unexpectedly pounced upon him with "barque," it took him some time to realize the situation.

"Hurry up, James," urged the teacher. "Don't keep the class waiting. Barque!"

And Jimmy, obediently, if somewhat shyly, replied: "Bow wow!"

As the train pulled into the depot a traveling man stuck his head out of the window, and calling to a boy standing near, said:

"Here, sonny, bring me a sandwich, and here's another dime, get one for yourself."

Just as the train started to pull out, the boy returned, munching a sandwich, handed the man a dime and shouted: "Here's your dime, Mister, they only had one."

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